

supper and so on. If he was hard up I'd lend him money and not bother him about repayment. Oh, I've studied human nature and know how to do these things."

The dramatic editor tried to wither him with a glance of scorn but without effect.

"Yes, gentlemen," continued the Fakir—"this thing of stage reputation is all a fake. It's just the same with literary renown. Tennyson, Longfellow, Goldwin Smith, Shakespeare, and the Bobcaygeon *Independent* man. How is it that they are better known than others? Are they so much abler writers? No, they just kept booming themselves every chance. Kept their names before the public. Got their friends to help. Made themselves solid with the press. That's all there is to it. Same way with other kinds of reputation. Who was Socrates? A first-class fakir. Napoleon? He was another. Mahomet? Oh, he was a boss fakir and could give us all pointers. Fact I might go through the whole list—Julius Cæsar, Peter the Great, 'Ras Wiman, Cleveland, Ben Butler, Bismarck, Sir John Macdonald, Harry Piper—fakirs, all of them. Some day we shall have a historian who will give the snap away."

And the Fakir drifted out into the cold world forgetting as usual to shut the door.



SUDDEN CONVERSION.

Conservative Editor—Chapleau, this whole Franchise Act is a fraud! It's a cumbersome and costly humbug! Hereafter, I go in for Manhood Suffrage straight!

Secy. of State—Manhood Suffrage? For what is this change most remarkable in your opinion?

Con. Ed.—New light on the subject! You've taken the printing of the lists from the local offices!

QUERY!

WHAT'S the matter with our Board of Trade giving Mr. Jos. Chamberlain another banquet, now, to celebrate the conclusion of his great work for Canada?

WE hope her Majesty will lose no time in decorating Sir Charles for his services at Washington. Hasn't she something around the house in the shape of a Knighthood of the Grand Give-away?

A SOCIAL BENEFACTOR.



IN an elegant house on a broad avenue,
Respected by all who his character knew—
An elderly gentleman lived, who'd made
His neat little pile by the burglary trade.

His genuine kindness and goodness of heart
Made him very much liked by the folks of that
part;
To the poor he dispensed, with a liberal hand,
From the ample resources which he could command.

Many years he had worked to provide for old age,
When no longer in burgling could he engage;
Assiduous toil he was ne'er known to shirk,
And in fact took a laudable pride in his work.

Some burglars are botches, and bungle a job,
And others with so little caution will rob
That arrest and detection are apt to ensue,
And they get into trouble whatever they do.

There are those who "blow in" all the boodle they get,
An improvident, drunken, extravagant set;
Take no thought for the morrow, but spend money free,
And consume every penny they make in a spree.

Not so with our friend, he was thrifty and wise,
By steady hard work he determined to rise;
To provide for the future he held it a duty,
And always with prudence invested his booty.

So by "toil, thrift, and temperance"—as any one can,
At length he took rank as a real "self-made man";
Retired from business, at ease he lived then,
A shining example to rising young men.

When at length the good burglar departed this life,
As he left no relations, no children, or wife,
He bequeathed all his funds to benevolent ends,
And was mourned by a very large circle of friends.

Some hare-brained people—more foolish than bad,
Have started a very ridiculous fad—
They tell us that burgling houses by night,
Tends to injure society, and cannot be right!

They say that it robs the industrious man,
To enrich those who live on a different plan;
They call the poor hard-working burglar a spoiler,
Who appropriates wealth that is wrung from the toiler!

In this little sketch, I've endeavoured to show,
From the facts of the case, that this cannot be so
To prove that the burglar is far from a curse,
As without him the social condition were worse.

If men did not often get rich in this way,
Could they give and spend money so lavishly, say?
Were the practice abolished, will some one tell how,
They could charities, churches, and missions endow?

Till the people who talk Anti-Burglary
cant,
Can show who'd supply such a recognized
want,
And furnish the wealth which the bur-
glars now make,
The world little stock in their nonsense
will take!



MR. THOS. O'HAGAN, M.A., our rising Canadian poet, has prepared for publication a volume under the title, "A Poetic Trinity," being a criticism of the genius of Longfellow, Adelaide Proctor and Father Ryan, with choice selections from their works. Readers may anticipate a brightly written book by this gifted young Irishman.